I met to-day at Tersan's your old acquaint-
ance PAbb6 de Londres, as brisk as bottled ale,
and ten years younger than he was when we knew
him. Tersan tells me that Le Vaillant's *ci-devant*
wife has taken to herself another husband.

The Directory went yesterday to Notre Dame
in procession, to commemorate the King's execu-
tion. They were in their own plain coaches, one
servant out of livery behind, themselves *en grand*
costume; a number of troops before, trumpeting,
&c. There was no crowd, and the mob was quite
quiet. I stood to see them at my ease on the
Pont Neul In Notre Dame they sat under the
centre tower, where the bells used to hang, and
some people, who had got up there to see, pulled
down through the poles a shower of dust and dirt
upon Reubel's head.

Natalie's son -died in London, where he was
with his father, and was, they think, doctored to
death. She was in dreadful grief when the news
was broken to her.

I dined yesterday with Perregaux and la belle
Hortense.

I am much better since I got back to my old

air of Faubourg St. Germain; the excessive noise of the Rue Honor6 gave me headaches. I am now in the Maison d'Orleans, Rue des Petits Augustins.